

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

FEBRUARY, 1921

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"Something Afar" by Fanny Heaslip Lea



PHOTO BY DEWITT WARD

As far above mortal size as the man Lincoln was above the average soul, the Daniel Chester French statue looms colossal in the central chamber of the memorial

OUR NEW SHRINE

By Lucretia E. Hemington

ON the quiet shore of the placid Potomac, amphitheatred by the gentle slopes of the Virginia hills, stands the majestic memorial to Abraham Lincoln, the greatest American of them all. Serene, isolated, with free distances in all directions, this white marble temple is a shrine toward which the pilgrim feet of a loyal country shall be forever turned. A Parthenon, this, builded on the acropolis of a nation's reverence and devotion. Through storms that are war's cataclysmic forces, through tremors that shake the legislative foundations of once-prized institutions, through terrific winds that change the current of men's minds, and through the genial warmth of an all-benign sun of progress that succeeds the strain and the waste of molding powers, firm as the eternal hills, this temple shall stand, immortal by reason of the divinity of character of this man who shaped events to his purpose and to God's.

Across the river, in the wooded beauty of the hills, just past the white pillars of the Lee Mansion, in that vast field of those

NOT to perpetuate his memory, nor yet to glorify his name, did the nation erect the mighty memorial to Lincoln now nearing completion on the banks of the Potomac. The awesome pile of everlasting rock measures, rather, our reverence for him and his work. "Now he belongs to the ages!" Stanton is reputed to have said on a tragic April morning. This memorial of him is our way of saying the same thing. Toward it, as the years pass, the great and the humble will alike make their devout way, for he was both—the ideal American

who gave the last full measure of devotion that no hand might trail their starry banner in the dust, gleams the curving sweep of the Memorial Amphitheatre, like a companion shrine whose dedication, also, is to memory—a memory that reaches out and crowns the white temple below it on the river's shore. In the opposite direction noble comradeship is found, in the towering, commanding obelisk sacred to the memory of the illustrious Washington, who dared to create what Lincoln

dared to save. And the glorious Capitol, that embodies a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, forever looks for inspiration toward the white shrine on the river's edge.

Lonely is this memorial in spite of worthy companions; lonely as was the understanding heart of the man to whose memory it was erected. Nothing constructed by the hand of man approaches it even remotely, and this isolation works its inevitable spell of reverence. The soft blowing of myriads of trees that all but conceal the shrine as one approaches it, the almost imperceptible movement of the water in the long, reflecting pool that mirrors in its shallow depths the triple beauty of snowy cloud and bordering foliage and shimmering marble, the noiseless flowing of the Potomac, and the white glory that leaps in the wide cascade of steps that rise to the unenclosed entrance, fade from memory as the temple unfolds like a white blossom to full bloom before the eyes of one who would for a space worship greatness there.

Doric are the pillars that sweep with the

regularity of crested waves on an even shore about the chamber of the memorial. Doric, and the keynote of the temple is struck in that order of architecture whose only attributes are strength and simplicity. The pilgrim pauses for a brief space in this majestic hall of fluted columns, and the mysterious spell of great height and great width engulfs him, even as at night the galaxy of the heavens transforms his pride to true humility with the eternal query of, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

As he passes through the wide, open entrance, only the silence and the white wonder of marble that glorify the place cathedral-wise are felt and seen. In that unadorned chamber sits the lonely, potent figure of a lonely, potent man, and draws the pilgrim's footsteps nearer and nearer. Against the rear wall, directly opposite the wide entrance, is this figure. Every lineament of his serious, patient face marks him for fame's own—this one-time rail-splitter, who by sheer force of character and genius held with highest honor the highest place this country grants to any man. So lifelike is this huge statue that it almost seems as though it must speak, must utter forth new prophecies in this hour of rehabilitation of the world. Serene, poised, patient, the lips are dumb, but the figure is vocal with Lincoln's passion for truth and honesty that underlay his humility, strength, simplicity, charity, gentleness, high intelligence, and justice. Some one said of him that reason and emotion were joined in him like form and color in a flower, and that perfect rounding of the human spirit blesses the pilgrim standing in the presence of this kindly, patient man in whom a divine wisdom

had her dwelling-place. Simple and strong as clean winds on snow-covered, lonely mountain peaks is the superb sincerity of this man, enveloping and ennobling all who come in touch with it.

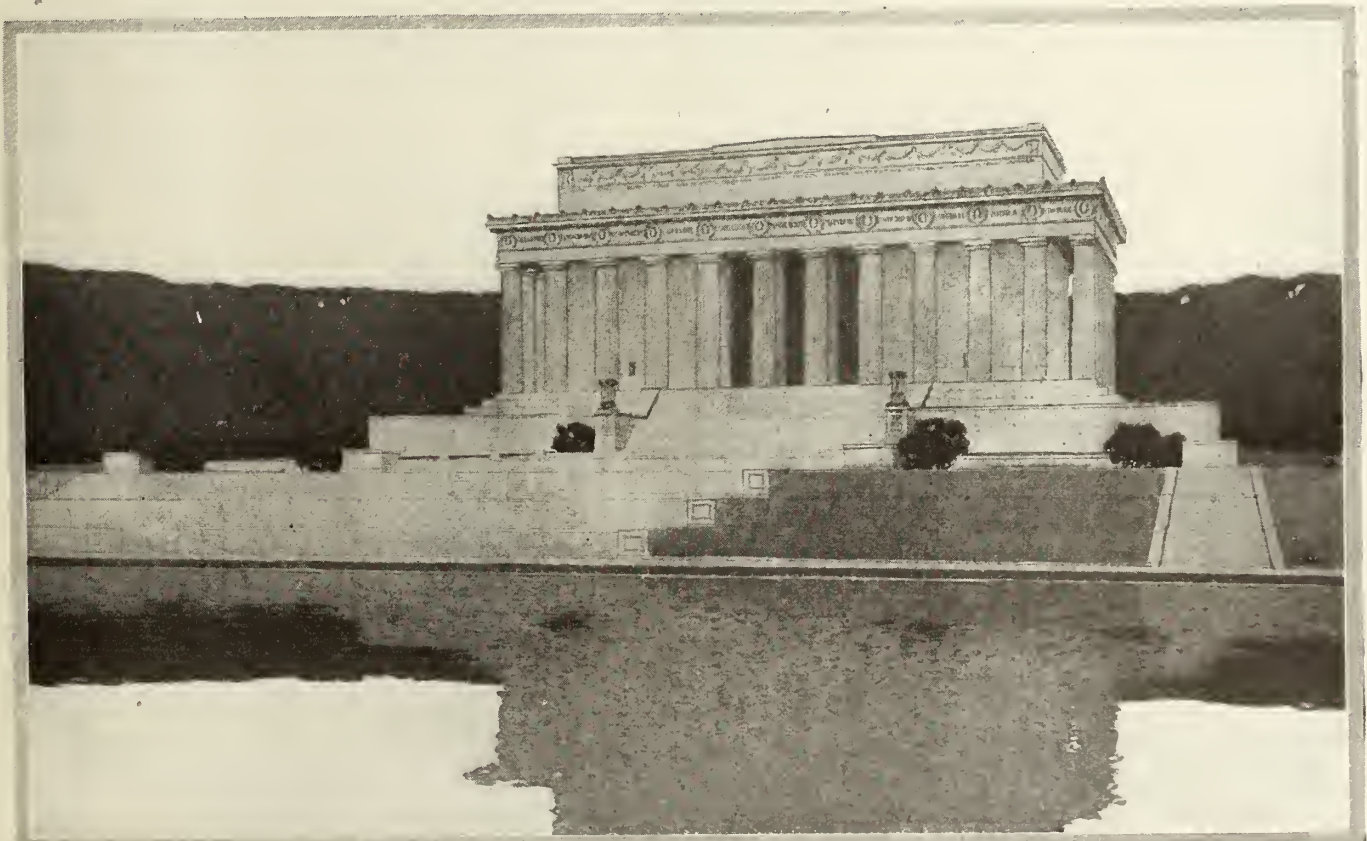
Reluctantly the pilgrim leaves the main chamber of the memorial and moves between the Ionic columns that transform the northern end of the hall into a sanctuary for one of the mural bands that runs in mellow colors above the "Second Inaugural" cut into the wall beneath it. The triune beauty of that greatest of the longer speeches floods his mind once more, while his lifted eyes discover anew its trinity of meaning in the allegory whose rich, subdued tones of dull blues and reds, soft browns and tans, are as mellow as the ripened powers of the great statesman. In a grove of cypress trees, that symbol of eternity, he sees the angel of truth bind the North and South in an indissoluble union, to which the arts and sciences bring an undivided allegiance, while on the left, through family life, Fraternity develops the productivity of the earth, and on the right Charity offers the water of life to the halt and blind and cares for the orphans whom destiny makes the heaviest burden bearers of war's waste and destruction.

Unity, fraternity, charity, and the mind's eye turns to the inscription and sees it whole at last. These were the principles that held Lincoln steady in his undeviating, heart-breaking purpose to complete what he had begun, trusting ever that he was on the side of God. His was a vision that circumstance and expedient could not blur to his own undoing. True to himself, he was true to that great cause in whose service he had enrolled himself.

As the pilgrim crosses to the southern end of the memorial hall, an exact duplicate in scheme of the one he has just left, his eyes fall upon the most perfect piece of English in the world today, cut in simple, strong letters in the marble of the wall. The words of the Gettysburg Address are familiar enough, but somehow, in this place of memory, they take on added significance, and the pilgrim's eyes are moist as he lifts them to the mural band above. There he sees in the same enchanted grove, beneath the same symbol of eternity, the chains stricken from the slave, who thus comes into an unfamiliar but guarded freedom. Justice and the Law, for which Lincoln had a consuming passion, are pictured to the left, while to the right Immortality sets her seal of approval upon this emancipator who fearlessly declared that no nation could endure half-free and half-slave.

For a brief space the pilgrim pauses as he returns to the central chamber with its serious, compelling statue of Lincoln, his whole being lifted up, transfigured, by the power of unsullied greatness; in his heart a new devotion to his citizenship in a land that knows so well how to honor its citizens. He sees the white wonder of the whole chamber, whose only colorful thread is the murals, as a kind of one-toned tapestry replete with the epic grandeur of one man's life. He feels the whole structure as an unadorned, perfected temple with ineffable pageants, in brief, rich-toned friezes, of the procession of the qualities of the man whom the years have united to call great.

The light falls softly in this chamber through the (Continued on page 97)



FROM PAINTING BY JULES GUERIN

© FULLER CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, BUILDERS OF LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Peace—the peace of a united land, which Lincoln did not live to see—hangs about this splendid memorial, the most imposing in all America, designed by Henry Bacon

Something Afar

immobility. "The old man said it was only what he expected, and that anyhow, now, he wouldn't have to take her to Japan."

Zoë shut her white hands together hard. "I tried to keep her from doing it, Jim. I talked to her only yesterday."

"I know you did. She said so in the note. Why did you do that, Zoë? Were you so anxious to be rid of me yourself?"

"What do you mean?" gasped Zoë.

"Do you know," said McNamara all at once, a trifle shamefaced—"my chief sensation, at the moment, is one of deep satisfaction that things can go on just the same, now—with you and me. I'd begun to realize lately that you were standing off from me, rather. I missed you a lot. You see clearer than I do, and you always understand. I've felt as if a part of me had got torn off and lost. Do you see what I mean?"

"No, I don't in the least," said Zoë. She bit a trembling under-lip.

"Then you're a very stupid person," said McNamara softly. He began to twist the fringe of her sash. "I'm trying to tell you how much more your friendship means to me than—than all the dreams I had about that little, false Goldilocks. Funny, isn't it?"

"My friendship—means more—" began Zoë. She tried to smile and failed.

He looked at her, and his own smile died on his lips. There is, sometimes in a lifetime, the one moment in which one looks and knows, past any peradventure, the face of Love.

McNamara got up and drew her to her feet. They stood together on the lowest step, away from all the slumberous, midday world.

"And I put the chains on you, myself!" he said, a little huskily. "I can't ask you to marry me, without asking you to give up everything. I hope his soul is satisfied—wherever it is!"

"Does—what I would give up—mean anything—to you?" asked Zoë very low.

"Not the paring of a finger-nail!" said McNamara curtly.

"Then why—"

"It wouldn't be fair to you," he told her, but his hands went out.

She caught them, gloriously unashamed, drew his arms round her, and hid her face above his heart. Tumult there reassured her—if she had needed reassurance.

"Jim," she whispered, "go on! You've got to say the rest yourself."

He said it, rather suddenly, against her lips.

From an upper window, Miss Jenkins, regarding the noonday scene, blushed to the roots of her scant, brown hair and, loyal soul that she was, jerked down the window-shade. Her small, kind eyes filled with tears. She went hurriedly to the kitchen and gave an order:

"Sara, two for luncheon on the *lanai*, today. You may send mine upstairs."

To herself, proceeding efficiently out of sight, she muttered hopefully, "Let 'em make the most of it—while it lasts!"

Our New Shrine

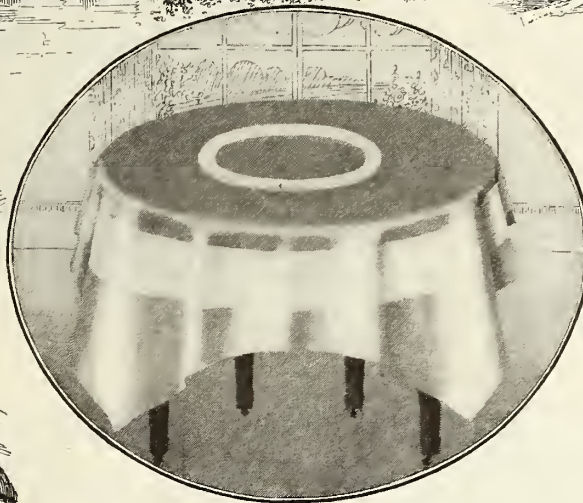
(Continued from page 23)

translucent marble slabs in the flat roof, and more light floods the space from the open façade. The spirit of Lincoln, that knew no darkness, shines in that light with a tender, gracious strength and quiet dignity. Lincoln, the man of the people; yes, but a man inspired to save a great people in a great crisis, coming as all great leaders do come from the wilderness to shape a new age. A root out of a dry ground was he, but out of that appalling barrenness finding somehow God and His purpose, a willing instrument in Divine hand's. His strong, rugged name was one not born to die.

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